

## "COWBOYLAND" WAS FOUND BY THE LATE COL. ROOSEVELT TO BE PEOPLED BY MEN WHO WERE BRAVE

(Continued from page 3.)

this idea, as well as to its complement, the belief that any animal with hoofs, before any vehicle with wheels, can be driven across any country. One summer on reaching the ranch I was entertained with the usual accounts of the adventures and misadventures which had befallen my own men and my neighbors since I had been out last. In the course of the conversation my foreman remarked: "We had a great time out here about six weeks ago. There was a professor from Ann Arbor, came out with his wife to see the Bad Lands, and they asked if we could tie them up a team, and we said we guessed we could, and Foley's boy and I did; but it ran away with him and broke his leg. He was here for a month. I guess he didn't mind it though." Of this I was less certain, for little Medora being a "bused" cow-town, concerning which I once heard another of my men remark, in reply to an inquisitive commercial traveler: "How many people lives here? Eleven—counting the chickens—when they're all in town."

My foreman continued: "By George, there was something that professor said afterward that made me feel hot. I sent word up to him by Foley's boy that soon as how it had come out we wouldn't charge him nothing for the rig, and that professor he answered that he was glad we were showing him some sign of consideration, for he'd begun to believe he'd fallen into a den of sharks, and that we gave him a runaway team a purpose. That made me not, rolling that a runaway team. Why, there was one of them horses never could have run away before; it hadn't never been dray but twice, and the other horse maybe had run away a few times but there was lots of times he hadn't run away. I remember that team full as laden not to run away as a was to run away," concluded my foreman, evidently deeming this as good a warranty of gentleness in a horse as the most exacting could possibly require.

The definition of good behavior on the frontier is even more elastic for a middle-horse than for a team. Last spring one of the Three-Sevens riders, a magnificent horseman, was killed on the round-up near Bellevue, his horse backing and falling on him. "It was accounted a plumb gentle horse too," said my informant, "only it sometimes balked and acted a little mean when it was cinched up behind." The unfortunate rider did not know of this failing of the "plumb gentle horse," and as soon as he was in the saddle it threw itself over sideways with a great bound, and he fell on his head, and never spoke again.

### Often Lose Lives

Such accidents are too common in the wild country to attract very much attention; the men accept them with grim quiet, as inevitable in such lives as theirs—lives that are harsh and narrow in their toil and their pleasure alike, and that are ever-bounded by an iron horizon of hazard and hardship. During the last year and a half three other men from the ranches in my immediate neighborhood have met their deaths in the course of their work. One, a trail boss of the O. X.

### Commander of Fighting Miners



Seated is W. H. Blizzard, who commanded the fighting miners in the "war area" of West Virginia. With him is an "aide-de-camp." The picture was taken just after their arrival from the battle front.

was drowned while swimming his herd across a swollen river. Another, one of the famous riders of the W Bar, was killed while roping cattle in a corral; his saddle turned, the rope twisted round him, he was pulled off, and was trampled to death by his own horse.

The fourth man, a cowpuncher named Hamilton, lost his life during the last week of October, 1921, in the first heavy snowstorm of the season. Yet he was a skilled plainsman, on ground he knew well, and just before starting himself, he successfully instructed two men who did not know the country how to get to camp. They were all three with the round-up, and were making a circle through the Bad Lands; the wagons had camped on the eastern edge of these Bad Lands, where they merged into the prairie, at the head of an old disused road, which lead about a mile east from the Little Missouri. It was a stiff, lowering day, and as darkness came on Hamilton's horse played out, and he told his two companions not to wait, as it had be-

gun to snow, but to keep on toward the north, skirting some particularly rough hutes, and as soon as they struck the road to turn to the right and follow it out to the prairie, where they would find a camp; he particularly warned them to keep a sharp lookout, so as not to pass over the dim trail unaware in the dusk and storm. They followed his advice, and reached camp safely; and after they had left him nobody again ever saw him alive. Evidently he himself, plodding northward, passed over the road without seeing it in the gathering gloom; probably he struck it at some point where the ground was level, and the dim trail in consequence disappeared entirely, so is the way with these prairie roads—making them landmarks to be used with caution. He must then have walked on and on, over rugged hills and deep ravines, until his horse came to a standstill; he took off his saddle, picked it up to a fearful ash. In frozen carcass was found with the saddle nearby, five months later. He now evidently recognized some landmark, and realized that he had passed the road, and was far to the north of the round-up wagons; but he was a resolute, self-confident man and he determined to strike out for a line camp, which he knew lay about due east of him, two or three miles out on the prairie, on one of the head branches of Knife River. Night must have fallen by this time, and he missed the camp, probably missing it within less than a mile; but he did pass it, and with it all hopes of life, and walked wearily on to his doom, through the thick darkness and the driving snow. At last his strength failed, and he lay down in the tall grass of a little hollow. Five months later, in the early spring, the riders from the line camp found his body, resting face downward, with the forehead on the folded arms.

### Many Serious Accidents

Accidents of less degree are common. Men break their collar-bones, arms, or legs by falling when riding at speed over dangerous ground, when cutting cattle or trying to control a stampeder herd, or by being thrown or rolled by backing or rearing horses; or their horses, or even they themselves, are saved by lightning strikes. Death by storm or in flood, death in striving to master a wild and vicious horse, or in handling maddened cattle, and too often death in brutal conflict with one of his own fellows—any one of these is the not unnatural end of the life of the dweller on the plains or in the mountains.

But a few years ago other risks had to be run from severe beasts, and from the Indians. Since I have been ranching on the Little Missouri, two men have been killed by bears in the neighborhood of my range; and in the early years of my residence there, several men living or traveling in the country were slain by small war-parties of young braves. All the old-time hunters and trappers could tell stirring tales of their encounters with Indians. My friend, Towell Woody, was among the chief actors in one of the most noteworthy adventures of this kind. He was a very quiet man, and it was exceedingly difficult to get him to talk over any of his past experiences; but one day when he was in high good-humor with me for having made three consecutive straight shots at elk, he became quite communicative, and I was able to get him to tell one story which I had long wished to hear from his lips, having already heard of it through one of the other survivors of the incident. When he found that I already knew a good deal of Woody told me the rest.

**Indian Horsethieves**  
It was in the spring of 1875, and Woody and two friends were trapping on the Yellowstone. The Sioux were very bad at the time and had killed many prospectors, hunters, cowboys, and settlers; the whites realized whenever they got a chance, but, as always in Indian warfare, the shy, lurking, blood-thirsty savages inflicted much more loss than they suffered.

The three men, having a dozen horses with them, were camped by the river-side in a triangular patch of brush, shaped a good deal like a common flatiron. On reaching camp they started to put out their traps; and

when he came back in the evening Woody informed his companions that he had seen a great deal of Indian sign, and that he believed there were Sioux in the neighborhood. His companions both laughed at him, assuring him that they were not Sioux at all but friendly Crows, and that they would be in camp next morning; "and sure enough," said Woody, meditatively, "they were in camp next morning." By dawn one of the men went down to the river to look at some of the traps, while Woody started out to where the horses were, the third man remaining in camp to get breakfast. Suddenly two shots were heard down the river, and in another moment a mounted Indian swept toward the horses. Woody fired, but missed him, and he drove off five while Woody, running forward, succeeded in herding the other seven into camp. Hardly had this been accomplished before the man who had gone to the river appeared, out of breath with his desperate run, having been surprised by several Indians, and just succeeding in making his escape by dodging from bush to bush, threatening his pursuers with his rifle.

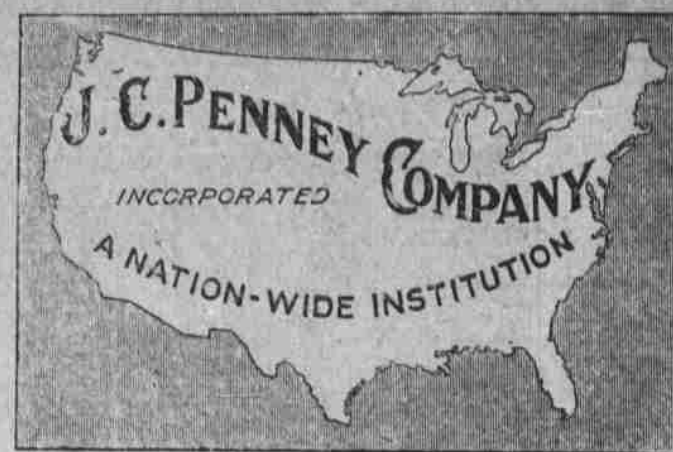
### Surrounded by Indians

These proved to be but forerunners of a great war party, for when the sun rose the hills around seemed black with Sioux. Had they chosen to dash right in on the camp, running the risk of losing several of their men in the charge, they could of course have eaten up the three men in a minute; but such a charge is rarely practiced by Indians, who, although they are admirable in defensive warfare, and even in certain kinds of offensive movements, and although from their skill in hiding they usually inflict much more loss than they suffer when matched against white troops, are yet very reluctant to make any movement where the advantage gained must be offset by considerable loss of life. The three men thought they were surely doomed, but being veteran frontiersmen and long induced to every kind of hardship and danger, they set to work with cool resolution to make as effective a defense as possible, to beat off their antagonists if they might, and if this proved impracticable, to sell their lives as dearly as they could. Having tethered the horses in a slight hollow, the only one which offered any protection, each man crept out to a point of the triangular brush patch and lay down to await events.

### Indians Close In

In a very short while the Indians began closing in on them, taking every advantage of cover, and then, both from their side of the river and from the opposite bank, opened a perfect fusillade, wasting their cartridges with a recklessness which Indians are apt to show when excited. The hunters could hear the hoarse commands of the chiefs, the war-whoops and the taunts in broken English which some of the warriors hurled at them. Very soon all of their horses were killed, and the brush was fairly riddled by the incessant volleys; but the three men themselves, lying flat on the ground and well concealed, were not harmed. The more daring young warriors then began to creep toward the hunters, going stealthily from one piece of cover to the next; and now the whites in turn opened fire. They did not shoot recklessly, as did the Indians, but coolly and quietly, endeavoring to make each shot tell. said

(Continued on page 5.)



## Serving a Nation

From a very modest beginning in a frontier Wyoming town, with a few hundred dollars capital he started.

That was back in 1902. His high ideals and new business methods were a pioneer venture in those days.

The Golden Rule was his policy. He was content with small profits. One cash price to everybody. All prices marked in plain figures. No so-called sales. No premium baits. No fancy fixtures. No deliveries.

In blazing thistrait of new merchandising methods J. C. Penney built better than he knew. People were quick to realize the merit of this new order of business where one person's money was worth as much as another every day of the year and where everyone was assured a square deal.

Within the organization he takes no men knowingly but those of sterling character. They are required to work hard and long in the upbuilding of the institution. Those who are found worthy become managing partners of the different stores and from the ranks of these men will come the future directors of the company.

When one considers that only nineteen years have elapsed since the opening of the Mother store in Kemmerer, Wyoming, it emphasizes the worth of the plan that has built 312 thriving stores in so short a time.

With this phenomenal growth have come big problems to keep our merchandising service apace with the needs of the many localities we serve.

The establishment of offices in New York, St. Paul and St. Louis where expert buying staffs are employed makes it possible to assure our patrons of the very newest and best the markets afford with the lowest prices that enormous quantities and cash terms insure.

Thousands of Round-Up visitors will feel as much at home in this Penney store as they do in the one in their own home town—and they are just as welcome.

To those who do not know us so well we extend a cordial invitation to come in and get acquainted. You'll find us red blooded Americans—every one, with an interest in better buying for you that will make you a permanent friend.

THE LARGEST CHAIN DEPARTMENT STORE ORGANIZATION IN THE WORLD

## DRUG STORES FOR WELL PEOPLE

Formerly drug stores, as a rule, were frequented only by those in ill health, but times have changed. The modern drug store of today supplies the thousand and one needfuls that prevent diseases, and lend to one's cleanliness, comfort and charm.

We sell and fill prescriptions with the best drugs obtainable. Our store is modern, in that we supply you with modern needs at moderate prices.

### Kodaks and Supplies for Your Outing

Whether you can afford the cheapest or the higher priced Kodak with the Range finder, we can sell you an Eastman Kodak.

### Fresh Films

Don't risk failure with old films. We sell so many and renew stock so often that you get here only the most advanced datings.

### Developing and

### Printing

We will return your film next day at noon if received before 1 o'clock the day before

### Books for Your Entertainment

We carry a very large assortment of the best popular fiction at the popular price.

### Round-Up Souvenirs

Pennants from the Round-Up town. Leis with bucking horse, to wear around neck. Silk Scarfs, with bucking horse.

### The Book of the Round-Up Let 'er Buck

A true story of the passing of the old West, with the history of the Pendleton Round-Up and FIFTY selected photographs

Price Postpaid \$2.25

**Thompsons' Drug Store**

PENDLETON

OREGON

## The— INLAND EMPIRE BANK

### "The Bank of Community Interests"

Capital ..... \$250,000.00  
Surplus ..... \$25,000.00

### COMMERCIAL AND SAVINGS

Safety Deposit Boxes for Rent  
Electrically Protected.

### Owned and Controlled By Umatilla County People

### OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

J. W. MALONEY, President. L. L. ROGERS, Vice-Pres.  
WILL BENNETT Vice-Pres & Cashier  
R. M. MAYBERRY, Asst. Cashier

W. M. Blakeley  
Frank Gritman  
Manuel Pedro

A. W. Rugg  
Alfred Schneider  
H. J. Taylor